Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſome thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſomtimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you,

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light,

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, If the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting?
In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Kate

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and ſo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *ſhe ſtrikes h*

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

Kate. So may you looſe your armes.
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine you crow too like a crauen.

Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.

Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it mee.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Knte. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In ſooth you ſcape not ſo.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweete as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue.